

# Steve Kilbey, Out Of This World

Almost polite, they point a finger  
Chase the muslin designs  
Almost as blind, shrug your shoulder  
Look what you're leaving behind

On the way out, out of this world  
On a day out, out of this world

Almost apart, I'm divided  
With control dots  
Almost divine, she takes her time  
And she go out of her mind

Hey there, please come and stay with me now  
Beneath the arches of our sky  
Beneath the curse that sucks you dry

Almost a prize, I can't believe it  
Right between the eyes  
Almost a man, almost master  
Almost also-ran

Look what you're leaving behind